

## Fair Play.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
ST. GENEVIEVE. MISSOURI.

### SOME NEW BOOKS.

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Righted at Last.

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Can a Life Hide Itself?

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Tipping to the Prize Fight. By the author of  
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The Flight of a Swallow-Tail. By the author of  
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A Birdseye View of Rhode Island. By the author of  
The Wide, Wide World.

Evenings With the Patent Office Reports. By the author of  
Arcadian Days.

Getting Off in the Milky Way. By the author of  
Getting On in the Milky Way.

The Genesis of the London Times. By the author of  
The Last of the Tribunes.

Autobiography of an Affidavit Editor. By the author of  
Truth is Always Best.

At the Apex of the North Pole. By the author of  
Is It Hot Enough for You?

Four Years Behind the Times. By the author of  
Two Years Before the Mast.

She Was Not Too Young to Dye. By the author of  
How to Grow Old Gracefully.

The Confessions of Job's Turkey. By the author of  
How to Live on \$300 a Year.

He Elected with the Governor. By the author of  
He Fell in Love With His Wife.

Electioneering I Have Listened To. By the author of  
Why Suicide is on the Increase.

The High Broad Hat She Wore to the Theater. By the author of  
Can You Forgive Her?

Nevertheless, All the Same, Notwithstanding an Angel. By the author of  
But Yet a Woman.

Sixteen Grandmothers and Twenty-five Mothers-in-law. By the author of  
Eight Cousins.

Toiling for a Roast Cut from the Lowermost Rib. By the author of  
Playing for High Stakes.

The Unwashed Vigor of the Little German Band. By the author of  
Is Endless Punishment Eternal?

Cyclones and Scapling Knives in the Far West. By the author of  
Calm Reflections for Sabbath Evening.

The Bitter Quarrel in our Church Choir. By the author of  
Why the Millennium is Coming Forward.

The Overworked Sentimentalist, or the Fatigued Superlative. By the author of  
The Quick and the Dead.

The Surprizing Extraction of the Strings from the Piano Next Door. By the author of  
The Worries of Life and How to Meet Them.—N. Y. Tribune

### PICTURES OF HORSES.

Why the Noble Animals Look Gawkish in the Current Publications.

"Instantaneous photography is a nuisance," said an artist, whose business is to draw cuts for the magazines and newspapers. "Before they began to take those damned photographs all you had to do was to draw a horse so that it looked natural and lifelike, and the papers and the public were satisfied. Now, though, since that Philadelphia fellow printed his book, and especially since the papers reprinted the cuts from it, nothing will do but that we must draw running horses just as they are, and not as they look. Of course the pictures don't look nearly so pretty, and the horses are as awkward and unnatural as donkeys, but they are accurate, and that is the craze just now. We have had to learn our animal drawing all over again, and have to puzzle our brains by the hour over cuts of instantaneous photographs, trying to find some position that has at least a bit of grace and life in it. For my part, I think it is ridiculous. Compare the magazine pictures of horses of a year or two ago with those last month and tell me if you don't think the old ones gave a better idea of the beauty of the animals in motion. Imagine Rosa Bonheur's horses with their forefeet stuck out straight like ramrods, or think of Messonier's troops charging before Napoleon on horses that had all four legs doubled up under them at the same time!"

Whatever may be the opinion as to the justice of the artist's criticisms and complaints, there is no doubt that he is right on his facts. The horse pictures in the magazines nowadays nearly all show at least an effort to make the positions correspond with those shown by instantaneous photographs. The picture horse of the past is relegated to the crowd poster and the bills of the racing associations.—N. Y. Sun.

### A FARMER'S ARGUMENT.

What He Has to Say About the Iniquities of the High Tariff.

Farmer Smith, of California, writes in a recent letter to the New York Evening Post as follows:

Sir: Betsy and I have been to town to-day, Mister Editor, I got a load of bindin' twine for my harvest and sugar for her presarvin', an' as Susan—that's our oldest girl that's to hum—is goin' to be married this fall after huskin', the old lady insists on the house bein' painted ag'in, an' so I bought a lot o' paint; the gracious knows, I don't see how we can afford it. While in town, our editor—he's a tariff reformer, an' has got me to be a sight more of one than I was when I quit the factory down in Connecticut an' came West to farm—he gave me a copy of your paper, an' I have been readin' since I got him those letters from farmers from everywhere. It's pow'ful refreshin', as passion says, to see how many other farmers all over this big land o' ours is gettin' the fact into their heads that down under all these things that trouble us farmers so, as the cause of them all, lies that doctored (scuse the cussin' but I'm gettin' madder) protected tariff. We've been all'vin' that the reason why we had so little money in our pockets when everythin' was paid for was because the railroads robbed us, an' because the Government didn't print money enough, an' because the elevator men beat us on grades and weight, an' because some one they call "Big Four" down to Shecago sent meat ready dressed to our cities, an' all that. An' we've been runnin' the Legislatures, an' passin' all sorts of laws that some feller wanted to go to the Legislature said would just fix the thing all right. An' so far from gettin' better, 's'fer as I can see, it's getting worse. You see, as farmers don't spend much time cipherin' on such matters. The war, with its big prices, sent us along a boom, an' since the bottom dropped out we've had just all we could do to keep our heads out of water, an' while we felt that something was out o' kilter, we couldn't spend time to study it out for ourselves. It is as clear as day to me, an' I judge from the letters that it is getting a heap clearer to lots of others, that we won't get any help that will do us any lastin' good until we can buy just exactly as we sell, under a competition as wide as the world.

But I didn't start in fur to tell you what you know a sight better than I can tell it, but to tell you about our shoppin' to-day, an' what a dose of this protective I got. I s'pose you've heard tell of the twine trust, haven't you, Mr. Editor? Well, the difference 'twixt you an' me is that I've heard of it and felt it—felt it in my pocket, sir, an' that's how I know that way so often nowadays that it is gettin' mighty sensitive. Two years ago I paid fourteen cents a pound for the best Manila twine. That was before the farmers had said that they didn't want free twine, and before these pesky trusts had got to be such private affairs that what they did wasn't any concern of yours or mine or the President's, you know. To-day I paid eighteen cents a pound for just the same kind of twine, I saw a letter from the secretary of this trust in which he said that the raw material had risen. Well, on to-day's deal that little rise of the twine trust just lifted \$6 out o' my pocket slick an' clean. Thea, only last year, when Betsy wanted to put up her presarves, we got fourteen pounds of sugar for \$1. This year the sugar trust have run it up—or down—so we get nine pounds for \$1. That made just twenty-five pounds less sugar for a five-dollar bill, you see, and at last year's prices that is \$1.78 more than I have "traded." Then, on the paint an' the white-lead trust and the linseed-oil trust borrowed a couple dollars more to be paid back to me in a home market, possibly. It all makes \$9.78 taken just for nothing.

Now, let's see what that means from my point. My cows average me a pound of butter a day, an' I'm gettin' a shilling a pound for it. It will take one cow seventy-eight days to earn what these trusts took out of me, to say nothin' of the feed and work or they've come and taken a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound pig out of my pen, or they've taken an acre of good corn, or they've taken all the profit there is in an acre of my winter wheat, leavin' me the cost about paid. Now, when this sort of thing is goin' on all round the ring, is it any wonder that all farmers feel that something is hurtin' them mighty bad, and that some of us, who can see what it is, get so all-fired mad? There was a feller once down in your city who imperdently asked folks: "What are you goin' to do about it?" when they hinted that he was a stealin' too much, an' the trusts are stickin' their thumbs in their arm-holes and cockin' their eyes at us an' askin' us the same question. Well, Tweed found his answer, and they'll find theirs. Meantime we can only growl and save a little harder.

TANNER'S ESTIMATES.

Extravagance That Would Compel a Grievous Increase of Taxation.

Tanner, the Pension Commissioner, has a fatal facility in the use of his tongue. He can not bridle that unruly member. It attacks both friend and foe. Now he is in a quarrel with a Democratic editor, who retorts that he must himself follow the advice he has given his staff, and never flit with a fool nor fight with a cripple. Again he is engaged in controversy with a Republican Congressman, and seems to think himself rhetorically picturesque in saying that his impression of him is that if his brains were blown through a crane's bill into a mosquito's eye the mosquito would never wink. The Congressman proposes to inquire of the Administration whether the Commissioner is free to go up and down the Union making mischief in local Republican districts.

Tanner's magnifying of himself and his office is a conspicuous foible. He is not a bureau officer, who has no more right to exploit himself than any other of a dozen such officers. He sees only himself. The Secretary of the

### Interior is nobody. The President is

important only as he adopts the Tanner idea of pensions. "But, say," he exclaimed to a reporter at Emira, "wait till you see my estimate for next year. I am debating whether my report shall ask for \$110,000,000 or \$115,000,000. Won't there be damming all along the line when those fellows see an increase of \$50,000,000 asked for?"

What the needs of the meritorious veterans demand the generosity of the Nation will accord. But there will be, as there ought to be, decided impatience with demands urged in the insolent fashion which Tanner flippantly adopts. The war closed in 1865. It might reasonably be supposed that every really meritorious claim for pension was adjudicated within four years thereafter. In 1869 the total number of pensioners was 198,656, and the annual disbursement in their behalf was some \$28,000,000. In 1888, notwithstanding the casualties occurring during twenty years, deaths, remarriages, the attainment of majority by minor children, etc., the number of pensioners increased from 200,000, in round numbers, to 350,000, and the disbursements from \$28,000,000 to \$80,000,000. The arrears as of 1879, with its monstrous invitations to perjury, is responsible for this colossal increase. Mr. Tanner, the great surplus destroyer, now proposes to ask for \$30,000,000 more, that is, more than as much again as was paid in 1869. There is a severe lesson somewhere. The union of the claim agent, the demagogue and the mercenary is too much for the integrity of the Treasury.

Mr. Tanner fancies he has at his back the entire Grand Army, but if this were so it would furnish no excuse for a wholesale raid upon the National resources. Open the door as Tanner would open it and no limit whatever can be put on claim-agent rapacity. Instead of \$30,000,000 the demand before the close of the Harrison Administration would be for twice that sum, and this, coupled with the other free expenditure contemplated, would compel a grievous increase of taxation.—Chicago Times.

CURRENT COMMENTS.

Under the Bussey decision some one should propose a revolutionary pension for the heirs of Benedict Arnold, if there are any.—Albany Argus.

Observing people are remarking that President Harrison has got to take the first step in the direction of extending the reform of the civil service.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The race between Tanner and Bussey as to which shall outdo the other in wasting public money is one of the most disgraceful spectacles ever witnessed in our Government.—N. Y. Star.

We learn from our esteemed Philadelphia contemporary, the Philadelphia Times, that Cheap John Wamaker "is much improved by his trip." There is nobody that stands in greater need of improvement.—N. Y. Sun.

The Republican party has done many things which call for comment. In matters of policy we have had frequent occasion to oppose it. It was, however, honest in its belief, as we have been honest in ours. But to place the name of a dishonorably discharged soldier next to that of a veteran who did his whole duty, and to support him for life in spite of his crime—that is an act on which a difference of opinion would seem to be impossible.—N. Y. Herald.

Having, by means of his puppet convention, nominated himself for Governor, Mahone now proposes to elect himself by appealing to the prejudices of the negroes, and by using the Government patronage. This is Mahoneism and the "Old Dominion" is threatened now with a domination such as it has never before known. It has been chastised with whips, but should Mahone prevail it will be chastised with scorpions. The white people of the State will see to it that no such disaster falls upon them.—Chicago Herald.

Mississippi negroes are forming "alliances" under the leadership of a black scoundrel named Oliver Cromwell. Race wars are feared, and Governor Lowry has sent troops to the scene of the disturbance caused by the massing of five hundred armed blacks. The "Southern outrages," so frequently heard about in the North, are frequently caused by the negroes themselves, and the people who are removed from the danger attendant upon an insurrection of ignorant, criminalized blacks should inform themselves upon the true status of affairs before damning the Southern people, who rarely resort to extreme measures unless the occasion vitally demands it. Oliver Cromwell should be severely dealt with and his mob dispersed, though the process be a severe one. Fanaticism rules the Southern negro when excited by such desperadoes as this modern Cromwell, and fanaticism and ignorance are dangerous in the extreme.—Chicago Mail.

Protection Ethically Considered.

Of course, the effect of protection upon the morals of the protected must in the end be very bad. It has a tendency to make them cowardly, treacherous and grasping. The fear of meeting outsiders in friendly competition; the temptation to make poor goods when poor goods can be sold for an unjustly high price; the business of seizing as legitimate prey the labor of others and turning that labor to one's own uses—must, sooner or later, have a bad effect on the individual and the community at large. A man can not thrive at the expense of other men, whether those men are his neighbors or are living at the antipodes, without being hardened in his sensibilities and becoming to a certain extent inhuman. The effect of protection upon the moral welfare of the protected is bad; its effect upon their material welfare is eventually ruinous.—Huntington Smith, in Popular Science Monthly.

### SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The sand blast is now used in cleaning the dingy walls of stone buildings.

The number of cotton mills in the South has more than doubled since 1880.

At the Schuylkill United States arsenal, near Philadelphia, there is manufactured each year 8,000,000 rounds of ammunition and 15,000,000 rifle balls.

A mixture of finely powdered mica and crude petroleum is said to be giving remarkable results as a lubricant.

A poultry-fattening company has been organized in New York, to fatten fowls on the French plan. It is proposed to handle 100,000 birds every three weeks.

The oxygen band, in the spectrum of the electric light from the Eiffel tower, was at a point five miles distant, found to be similar to that of the sun's rays.

South American exports many tanned skins of sheep, lambs and kids. The process of tanning is imperfect, however, and many of the skins are spoiled or inferior in quality.

The graphophone is likely to find novel use in medicine. Every kind of cough may be recorded, to serve in teaching students and for tracing the progress of disease by future comparisons.

At Alba, Mich., there is a concern which annually cuts about 8,000,000 feet of maple and elm logs into oval wooden dishes. The dishes are cut with revolving knives from square chunks of wood.

A system of building houses entirely of sheet iron has been communicated to the Society of Architects in Paris. The walls, partitions, roofs and water-closets are composed of double metallic sheets, separated by different non-conductors of heat.

Blanche Howard, a female doctor, gives statistical proof that the mortality from diphtheria is rapidly increasing. Twenty years ago in France this mortality was between 36 and 40 deaths in every 100,000 inhabitants; now it amounts to 110 to 121 in every 100,000. In England the deaths in every 100,000 number 22; in America, 60 to 70; in Germany, 110 to 135; in Christiania, 340.

Each ton of coal used by the three principal gas companies of London, England, costs, on the average, 11s. 10d.; but it produces 12 ewt. of coke, 10 gallons of tar, and other residuals, which sell altogether for about 7s. 10d., the net cost of the coal is reduced to a little under 1s. per ton. A ton of coal produces between 9,000 and 10,000 feet of gas.

The following interesting experiment was recently tried at the Royal Academy of Science: A lath or thin slab of wood was caused to rotate very swiftly, as if on a pivot, and on the surface thus formed a picture was projected by means of a stereopticon. The picture had the appearance of existing in the air, without any background, for objects placed behind it could be seen through it.

Waxed paper bags are now made, the interior surface of the paper being lined with a thin coating of paraffine, which renders the bag substantially airtight and water-proof. Confectionery, fruit and other eatables may be kept wholesome and fresh, and they are useful for druggists and grocers. Coffee or cheese may be kept in them without losing their aroma, and larger sizes are valuable for storing clothing and many other uses.

BELLS OF BETHLEHEM.

The Prettiest Women to Be Found Around Jerusalem.

There is a market inside the Jaffa gate, and I can see it just under me as I write. Great piles of oranges and lemons lie upon the flag sidewalk, and there are scores of women with baskets of vegetables before them. Many of these are from Bethlehem, and the Bethlehem girls are the prettiest you see in Jerusalem. They have straight, well-rounded forms, which they clothe in a long linen dress of white, beautifully embroidered in silk, so that a single gown requires many months of work. This dress is much like an American woman's night-gown without the frills and laces. It falls from the neck to the feet and is open at the front of the neck in a narrow slit as far down as a modest décolleté fashionable dress. Over this they have sleeveless cloaks of dark red stripes and their heads are covered with long shawls of linen beautifully embroidered. Just above her forehead each girl carries her dowry in the shape of a wreath-like strip of silver coils, and crown the forehead with money. Some of the girls have several rows of these coins and some have crowns of gold. Not a few have coils of silver and gold the size of our \$20 gold pieces hung to strings about their necks, and none of the women hide their pretty faces, as do those Mohammedan girls near by, who in shapely white gowns with flowery white and red veils covering the whole of their faces, look like girls playing ghosts in white sheets. Beside these are Russian girls in the possum costumes of modern Europe and Jewish maidens in gowns and flowered shawls. There are Greek priests, with high black caps, and monks of all kinds, such as you see under the black cox of Europe. The Syrian, the Turk, the Bedouin, the African, the Armenian and the Greek, are all in that crowd below me, and among them all is the form of the ubiquitous American traveler, who, in pith helmet hat and green sun umbrella, has conquered the East as well as the West.—F. G. Carpenter's Jerusalem Letter in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

His Reason for Moving.

"Darling," said the young man, as he tenderly raised the lovely head from the place where it had rested an hour or more, got up, set down again on the other side of the beautiful maiden, and once more drew the golden curls to his bosom, "you have no objection to this slight change of position, have you?"

"No, Alfred," she murmured, softly. "Your heart is on this side."

"Yes, my angel," responded the young man, his voice trembling with deep feeling, "and my vest will now be soiled alike on both sides."—Chicago Tribune.

### FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Let the horses run in the pasture a little while when they come in from a hard day's work. They will enjoy it better than a full meal.

A quart of milk in a large pitcher, with a lump of ice to stand in it, is a refreshing article on a hot day. But it is best to keep in mind that the more one drinks the more uncomfortable one will feel, as it causes perspiration to flow copiously.

A cow may look well, and even be a good milker, yet be brachy, and have a confirmed habit of swinging her right hind foot in an uncomfortable, awkward manner around at the milker and the milk pail. You should look out for such kind in purchasing.

Bananas kept on ice a few hours, then peeled and sliced into glass dishes, with a cold yellow custard poured over them, and frosted over the top, make an easy and welcome dessert. Four bananas to a quart of custard is sufficient for a medium-sized family.—N. Y. Independent.

The man who is thoroughly in earnest and alive to the importance of killing weeds will be constantly on the look-out for times when he can rid himself of these pests; but few farmers realize what a tax it becomes on their energies and capital to allow weeds to ripen their seeds.

Do not expect too many eggs. Occasionally a hen may be found that will lay an extraordinary number of eggs, but this will prove the exception rather than the rule. Ten dozen eggs in a year is a good average, and more than a large number of them will do, and this number will return a handsome profit on the cost of keeping.

If the season is of the rainy sort, the growth of clover on the grain field is only a fortunate matter for hay, or for plowing under as manure, and will give a further dividend the next season as an underground deposit. If not needed for pasture, clover can always be used to advantage in some other way.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Out meal, vegetables, fresh fruits and plain, good bread should form by far the greater part of our fare during the hot weather. Use cold drinks sparingly. Much taken at one draught is apt to do serious harm. Ice cream can be indulged in frequently, provided it is eaten very slowly. Then it will prove healthful and nourishing. It is the sudden chilling of the stomach that does harm.

During the long hot days of haying and harvesting those who work out in the fields feel the need of some drink more refreshing than water. All alcoholic stimulants are hurtful, not only to the system but provoke an unhealthy thirst. Let these entirely alone and try the following, which is recommended on good authority as refreshing and invigorating: One and a quarter ounces of tartaric acid, one pound of fine sugar and a few drops of essence of lemon. A heaped tablespoonful in a glass of water is about right.

SALT FOR BUTTER.

Facts Which Are Not Understood by Many Farm Dairywomen.

Salt does not preserve butter. Butter preserves itself, and the salt gives it a flavor. Salt has a tendency to arrest the fermentation or decay of the buttermilk, but not the butter. It is not necessary that you should work this butter through your butter, or work the butter until you grind it to death to get the salt through it. If the buttermilk is out of the butter that is all you want, and you then distribute the salt through evenly so that one portion will not be more salty than another. There are many things which affect the character of butter, and skillful manipulation is necessary to have it perfect. In the first place by not skimming the cream from the milk at the proper time, or if it is not properly ripened and mixed, and hence we do not get all the butter out of it. If allowed to stand too long there is a good deal of the butter eaten by the acidity of the cream. Another reason is the over-working of the butter, which grinds the grain out of it. Another reason is, the tubs for packing are often improperly prepared for the keeping and preservation of the butter, and to exclude the air absolutely from it. It is very important that the tub should be thoroughly soaked and scalded with hot brine, a cloth should be put at the bottom, and then a thin layer of salt, then the butter pressed down firmly, so there can be no opportunity for the air to get in. Cover the butter with a cloth, put some salt or brine on top, and cover airtight. Then set the tub in a place where the temperature is cool and dry, and where it can not get musty or moldy or absorb taints. You can keep butter an almost indefinite length of time if treated in this way. We should to our utmost to have all our butter go to market in the best possible condition.—Orange Judd Farmer.

PERNICIOUS WEEDS.

Most of Them Have Been Imported Into the United States.

It seems a curious fact that every one of all the more pernicious weeds known in the United States is a naturalized foreigner. Of the less objectionable class, which may be styled troublesome weeds, at least two-thirds are likewise of foreign ancestry. The few American plants that may be arranged under the general term of weeds are for the most part annual, and therefore easily eradicated. Take, for instance, the common ragweed, or as it is sometimes known, bitterweed; the long-leaved daisy (Erigeron); fireweed, hogweed, etc.; one cutting before the seeds ripen is generally sufficient to destroy them, as well as prevent a succeeding crop. Carelessness on the part of the owner will often procure for him a fine supply of sumach and other plants that increase by means of underground stems, but all such are easily eradicated. The vile class of plants, Convolvulus arvensis, couchgrass, etc., which are comparatively harmless at home but find on our shores just the conditions needed to increase and multiply in a wonderful degree, are difficult to fight, but as the late eminent botanist, Dr. Darlington once advised, "Be continually cutting off the tops; they represent the lungs of the plant."—Josiah Hoopes, in N. Y. Tribune.

### Her Face Was Her Fortune.

She was as pretty as a picture and so animated and lively that it did not need to look for her. She was all that and more. Now, the roses have faded, and she is gone. She is a woman looking piece of gone. She is a woman looking piece of gone.

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